

# IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

VOL. VI.

OCTOBER, 1890.

No. 4

COL. S. C. TROWBRIDGE.



AMUEL CUSHING TROWBRIDGE, the fourth of eleven children, was born May 1st, 1813, at Kingwood, Preston County, Virginia, now West Virginia, where he lived till attaining his manhood, having his home latterly with his father's brother. Through this uncle's liberality he obtained most of his early education, which was only such as the country schools of that time afforded.

His father had been a prosperous miller and planter and the owner of some slaves, till one of the disastrous floods, natural to a mountainous country, such as we have lately beheld utterly destroying the city of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, in a single night, swept away his mill, the most valuable of his possessions. Seeing his fortune wrecked, with resources few and incumbrances many, he gave to his slaves the choice of liberty and their own maintenance, or servitude and a home with him. One chose the latter condition.

Soon after reaching his majority, young Trowbridge, animated by a spirit of enterprise, broke the ties of home and kindred and set out upon a career of migratory adventure.

His first expedition was into the young State of Indiana, then part of the eastern rim of the "far west." In due time

his wanderings brought him, in 1835, to Goshen, Elkhart County, Indiana, near the shore of Lake Michigan. In this county he found Elkhart prairie, fertile and expansive, the home of many prosperous farmers, among whom were one named James Fryer and another called Myers. Trowbridge was soon installed as a hand on the farm of Fryer, where he was associated with a young Irishman named Philip Clark, who had preceded him at the Fryer farm about a year. These two formed a friendship with Eli, one of the sons of their neighbor Myers.

In 1838, when twenty-five years old, Trowbridge made his way to the west side of the Mississippi river, into the Black Hawk Purchase, then the rallying ground of western emigration, the resultant issue of the Black Hawk war of 1832, in which fought a leader and a subordinate destined to figure prominently in our national history, the first, Winfield Scott, as the subjugator of Mexico and a presidential aspirant, the other, Abraham Lincoln, as President and liberator.

Muscatine, then called Bloomington, was in the favored region of the Black Hawk Purchase. Here Trowbridge tarried for a short while. But, as if the restless fever of emigration had full possession of him and he must seek the utmost western limits of the West, he removed to Johnson county, then the Ultima Thule of western civilization, about to undergo the process of organization.

Cedar county having been already organized, the inchoate county of Johnson was attached to it for judicial purposes. The seat of justice of Johnson county, though disporting itself in one of the greatest of names, Napoleon, was in fact so diminutive as to be little more than an imaginary location, one and a half miles below the southern line of the present corporate limits of Iowa City, on the same side of the river, and at present forms part of the farm of Mr. James McCollister, the old log "court house," long since razed, having stood across the road opposite the site of Mr. McCollister's present residence.



To Napoleon Trowbridge came from Bloomington, where he found his old friends of Elkhart Prairie, Philip Clark and Eli Myers, who had gone there the year before, the town site of Napoleon being on part of Clark's farm, which had first been squatted on by John Morford, but who had exchanged it for the one Clark had pre-empted a little further down the river.

Soon after he came to Napoleon, James W. Tallman, the sheriff of Cedar county, appointed Trowbridge his assistant in taking the census, which had been provided for by an act of the legislative assembly, and assigned him to the counties of Johnson and Keokuk as far as they were south and west of the Cedar river. The male residents of Johnson county subject to taxation, as shown by this census, so far as taken by Col. Trowbridge, were Newton Chase, Philip Clark, Wm. C. Masey, Wm. Devall, Benjamin Miller, Nathaniel Fellows, Thomas Bolster, Yale Hamilton, Jacob Witter, Wm. Ward, James W. Masey, Pleasant Harris, Jacob Earhart, Joel Doell, James S. Wilkinson, Elias Cecord, Elijah Parsons, Salem Taylor, Robert Walker, Isaac N. Lesh, John Morford, Joseph Weaver, Joseph Stover, Samuel Walker, James Walker, John Smith, John A. Cain, Wm. Sturgis, Wm. Kelso, David Sweat, Wm. Howe, Richard Kitter, Benjamin Kitter, John M. Lucas, John A. Street, Green Hill, Henry Felkner, Eli Myers, John Gilbert—thirty-nine. The census also showed that there were in the county twenty-two horses and one hundred and six working cattle over three years old, but only four hogs and no sheep. There were seven watches and nine clocks. Three settlers only had any cash on hand, the aggregate amount being one hundred and ninety dollars. The aggregate tax was forty-six dollars and seventy-four cents on an assessed valuation of nine thousand two hundred and ninety-eight dollars and fifty cents. Eli Myers was the richest man in the county, the assessed valuation of his property being four hundred and ninety dollars.

When Johnson county was organized, Governor Henry Dodge, of Wisconsin Territory, of which Iowa was then a

portion, appointed Trowbridge sheriff of the new county by and with the advice and consent of the legislative council. His commission was dated at Burlington, June 22d, 1838. This appointment was renewed by Gov. Lucas, January 18th, 1839.

While acting as sheriff at Napoleon he made his first arrest, which was for horse-stealing. There being no place of confinement, he was in the habit of taking the culprit to the field with him and chaining him to a tree while he was at work. The prisoner was afterward transferred for safe-keeping to the jail at Muscatine, from which he escaped before trial.

November 14th, 1839, the post office, which had been established at Napoleon, March 2d, of the same year, with John Gilbert as postmaster, who was succeeded the 18th of the following April by Samuel H. McCrory, was discontinued and the post office at Iowa City established, with Chauncey Swan as postmaster, who was succeeded September 2d, 1841, by James M. Hawkins, who served till the 30th of August, 1842, when Trowbridge was appointed postmaster, in which office he served until the 27th of April, 1849, nearly six years, longer than any one else has held the office continuously.

He was commissioned by Gov. Lucas, July 26, 1839, Second Lieutenant of the 7th Company, 2d Regiment, 1st Brigade 2d Division, and on the 12th of March, 1841, promoted Colonel of the 3d Regiment, 1st Brigade, 2d Division of Militia of Iowa Territory.

When the first sale of lots took place in Iowa City, May 24th, 1841, Trowbridge having been appointed for the purpose, acted as auctioneer to cry them off to the highest bidder.

During the first summer he spent at Napoleon, before the Musquaka Indians, a band of the Fox tribe, had given up possession of the country, he obtained from their chief permission to prospect through the country, the only condition imposed being that he should go with no arms more warlike than a hatchet, and he explored the goodly lands to the northwest of



the present Iowa City, as far as the locality of the "State Quarries," some outcropping specimens of which he broke with his hatchet to obtain samples of the rock which he brought back. Thus was probably first discovered that magnificent deposit of magnesian limestone, whose exhaustless supplies have furnished all the rock used in our first permanent capitol, now the central building of the State University, which after an exposure of over half a century presents as fresh an appearance as when first built, and thirty years later yielded the immense white blocks, the "dimension stone," which in great part form the walls of the magnificent capitol at Des Moines.

A good part of Trowbridge's life at Iowa City was spent in commercial business, as a druggist, or as a dealer in general merchandise. At an early day he selected a parcel of government land three miles east of the city, which, though residing in town, he retained and tilled until the day of his death. He was often selected, on account of his methodical ways and immovable integrity, by the people to represent them in one way or another in their local government, and in early pioneer days was President of the Johnson County Claim Association, founded for the protection of the squatters.

In 1857, when the Constitutional Convention, which framed the present constitution of Iowa, met at Iowa City, he served as its sergeant-at-arms. When the State Historical Society was formed he became one of its charter members, and served almost continuously from its foundation till his death in its government as a member of the Board of Curators, acting also as its librarian for many years. It afforded him a semi-weekly pleasure on the occasions when the library was open to point out the most interesting relics in the cabinet.

He was a worthy member of the benevolent order of Masons, which he joined early in life, and was one of the first on whom the royal arch degree was conferred in Iowa City.

During the war Col. Trowbridge, debarred by the infirmities of age from taking an active part in the field, was an ardent advocate of every means calculated to strengthen those

at the front fighting for the Union, and during this period he acted as the agent of the county in dispensing its bounty to the families of those in the ranks of death.

April 28th, 1844, Col. Trowbridge married in Iowa City, Sarah (Shaw) Willis, the widow of Ansly J. Willis, with a son, (Victor I. Willis, of Antioch, California) and a daughter, (Mrs. Jane Sanders, the widowed mother of Frank W. Sanders of Iowa City and Mrs. Kate Rowe, of Oakland, California). His wife survives him. He died childless, but the affectionate return made by his step-children for the paternal care he gave them in their youth was all that it could have been if they had been his own offspring.

He took an active interest in every public matter, especially of a political complexion, and was a ready off-hand rostrum speaker, with a sonorous voice, good presence and earnest manner; he often resorted to sarcasm, and had a large reserve of force in a most accurate memory, which served him as the armory of his weapons in debate, and in the society of his neighbors gave him the authority of a cyclopedia. As a local political manager in his prime days he had few equals within the radius of his action, but it was nearly always for others and seldom for himself that his skill and judgment were exercised. He was in demand wherever cool finesse was requisite. An instance in point may be cited: when John Brown, of Harper's Ferry notoriety, was threatened with capture at Iowa City, it was Trowbridge who piloted him away in the night.

Among his friends Col. Trowbridge was cheery and cordial. He was benevolent and charitable. If his animosities were enduring his friendship was eternal. He had foibles, but few faults. His religious creed was not formulated, but it was proclaimed often in charitable actions and kind deeds and was with him, in him, a part of him, every day in the week.

Col. Trowbridge's death occurred suddenly, without a pang, foreboding or complaint, October 26th, 1888, when he had almost entered the second half of his seventy-sixth year.



## EARLY EXPLORATIONS IN IOWA.

---

CORSICANA, TEXAS, July 7th, 1890.

H. W. LATHROP, *Librarian, State Historical Society of Iowa,  
Iowa City, Iowa.*

When the memory reverts to scenes during early manhood in the then far off frontier region now known as Iowa, my pen runs wild, and is likely to scribble more than you will wish to print in your journal. Well, here goes!

The 1st regiment of U. S. Dragoons was authorized by Congress early in 1833, with provision that half the officers should be taken from those of the mounted battalion raised for the Black Hawk War and the other half from the line of the regular army. The official organization was promptly filled, and recruiting was done with a rush.

Henry Dodge, of Wisconsin, a gallant man, a noted miner, who was "out" in the fiasco of 1832, a half-brother of Senator Lynn of Missouri, was made Colonel. Stephen W. Kearney, of New Jersey, long in the old army, a keen and active man, was promoted to be the Lieutenant Colonel, and Mason of Virginia, a fine gentleman and soldier, to be Major.

Headquarters were established at Jefferson Barracks twelve miles below St. Louis and recruits came in rapidly, many of them fine young men attracted by the fancy of careering over the plain after buffalo and Indians and selecting choice spots for future homes. A sample of these deluded men you may find in the person of J. C. Parrot, late Mayor of Keokuk, a prosperous merchant of Wheeling when he enlisted as a private, a man of unusual intelligence, a fine accountant, a true gentleman, and my personal friend, when he served as Orderly Sergeant of Capt. Jesse Browne's Company, to which I was attached the next year.

The regiment wintered at Jefferson Barracks and the next summer, 1834, made a march by Fort Gibson to the Pawnee and Kiowa towns on Red river. This march was widely known among the wild tribes from the Rio Grande to the

Missouri, attracted bodies of them from all directions towards the Pawnee towns, and caused an immense gathering of the buffaloes, then on their annual migration, to the extent of verifying a supposed extravagance of Capt. Riley, who led the escort to the Santa Fe traders some years before. When Major, he was recruiting at Rochester, N. Y., and some jovial souls used to crowd around him at dinner to hear his stories of the Great Plains, then little known. He was telling one day of the great multitudes of buffaloes he had seen about the Arkansas and Red rivers on his march to Santa Fe, when one asked him how many he had ever seen in one herd or aggregation. He dropped his knife and fork for a minute, thought gravely, and answered quietly, "Ten millions." The astounding answer was received in silence, with due incredulity, until the one who had asked the question said: "Well, Major, as you say so I'm bound to believe it, but damned if I would had I seen it myself." The next winter, in a crowd of officers, an account was given of a stampede of many horses of the regiment picketed for the night, by a stream of buffalo going north. Capt. Nathan Boone, an old frontiersman, a quiet unimpulsive, truthful man, like his father, Daniel, whom he is said to have much resembled, studied the matter carefully, and gave us these data for an estimate of the number: "They were excited, and traveled at the rate of four miles per hour continuously, the stream was a half-mile wide, and it flowed steadily for twenty-four hours. Allowing a square rod to each animal, more than ample, you can make your own calculation as to the number. I make it over ten millions (10,000,000) and I believe there were many more."

The regiment marched to Fort Leavenworth as headquarters, where I reported for duty in October, having been transferred against my wish, after the summer campaign had begun. Meantime I had loitered in Washington and Baltimore until August, through failure of the Senate to act on my nomination, and then I was hurried away to take recruits from Newport, Ky., to Fort Armstrong (Rock Island). It was my first com-



mand of enlisted men, and the cholera took away some and scared away others, and what were left, about sixty, were delivered at the Fort, Lieutenant-Colonel Davenport commanding.

On return to St. Louis I assented to be ordered to New Orleans, deemed so dangerous a service that, as it was out of the line of duty, Gen. Atkinson commanding, declined to order any officer on it without his voluntary consent. The application came from Quartermaster J. B. Brant, nephew-in-law to Senator Benton, who was just then trying to get up some favor for the administration by making a show of specie payment by the government.

Brant, as quartermaster, had a draft on New Orleans for \$96,000 to pay *Indian* annuities; for, Secretary Cass, finding that he could not trust his agents to disburse cash, had adopted the policy of detailing army officers on that service, and thus Brant was made disbursing agent at St. Louis. He dared not entrust such a large sum of money at one time to an unbonded citizen, and there were no expresses then; so, his only recourse was, in imitation of the secretary of war, to get an army officer to do the service, his life commission being deemed sufficient security. The general having refused to order any of his garrison officers on a service deemed so dangerous, through expectation of yellow fever, the service being out of the line of duty, I was caught *in transitu* and inveigled into acceptance of the trust by being promised mileage by the river instead of by post route, and was thus induced to forego a chance to visit my widowed mother, unseen for four years, and made the trip safely, despite Yellow Jack and thieves; got the silver, in \$5,000 kegs, brought up in the cabin of a steamboat at ordinary freight rates; and when it came to pay my transportation, more than the regular army rate was refused me, although this service was not military and might have been paid for out of the Indian contingent fund, to any equitable amount, and I had made no charge for the three days' labor of counting the money in stuffy bank

vaults, at New Orleans and St. Louis each. Thus I was cheated and beaten out of the visit to my mother, and of the pittance intended to be sent instead. And I may as well add here that the silver went to P. Choteau & Co., to pay claims against the Indians, who never saw a dollar of the coin, so ostentatiously brought from New Orleans for their benefit and so trumpeted through the land.

The regiment arrived at Fort Leavenworth in September, and I joined it there in October, going from St. Louis on the last boat of the season. We arrived at daylight, and my first greeting at my new position was an order placing me on duty as officer of the day, given by the adjutant before I had turned out of my bunk. Taking a hurried breakfast on the little boat, I went to guard mounting in the rain, which poured all day, whilst I plunged about in the slush visiting the sentinels and the prison, not knowing personally a single officer then present. I found the colonel to be a splendid man, soldierly, erect, with an eagle eye, but lacking in the amenities and grammar.

The next day I was ordered to pay out the annuities of the several tribes of Indians under the agency of Major John Dougherty, who accompanied me, and with an escort of a corporal and two men, I set out on my first campaign to meet thousands of wild Indians in a region as yet wholly possessed by them. We travelled in company with a party of trappers going to the mountains, and learned from them many new things about prairie and mountain life. As they were mostly French, my use of that language soon made us friends. We crossed the Big Platte (now called Nebraska) near the mouth in boats of elk skins, and swam our horses alongside. Six miles above we came to the agency, occupying a beautiful site on the west bank of the muddy Missouri, where we found a christian missionary and wife, and a Smith and wife, the only whites in hundreds of miles. This pretty site was prevented from becoming a city, as the country developed, by being a reservation; but is still Bellevue. Here we met a Mr.



Fontanelle, of New Orleans, a cultured gentleman, who had exchanged the luxury of city life for the wider and wilder enjoyments of trapping in the Rocky Mountains, where he had been three years, and had just come down to winter at this agency. He gave me my first knowledge of the great Salt Lake.

The Otoes, claiming the country, now western Iowa, dirty and lazy, were awaiting our coming. The Omahas, who claimed the west side of the river, were still out on their annual hunt on the plains; and the four bands of wild Pawnees of the Platte, delayed arrival two weeks. After a patient waiting, we got together some two or three thousand of them and had a grand day in "paying off the annuities," which consisted in handing over to the chief of each band the dry-goods and cutlery sent up from St. Louis, and they distributed the blankets, cloth, kettles, and knives to individuals; *but I saw no coin.*

In the evening of pay-day a scene was exhibited worthy of record. The Otoe and Omaha tribes had been allies for many years, and their chiefs, Ietun and Ompatonga, were warm personal friends. The great Sioux nation was hostile to both. The Otoes had declined until too weak to risk a hunt for buffalo on the great plains, and had to subsist on the small game and fish at home. The Omahas went in a body and made a successful hunt, returning loaded down with dried meat and skins, mostly dressed for lodges, including a grand conical tent with capacity for fifty persons reclining at a feast. The agent, the missionary, Fontanelle and myself were the only whites invited to a great feast in this grand tent, the complement being made up of chiefs and warriors, including a dashing young Sioux, courting the Princess Ompaminga, the widowed octogenarian Omaha chief's only daughter, who greatly resembled the celebrated Mary Randolph, a spirited belle, whom I had met three years before at West Point and Baltimore.

As we entered the lodge the dignified old chief, six feet two

inches in height, stood erect on the right of the entrance, dressed in a splendidly ornamented buffalo robe, with little else, worn as a Roman toga, and taking each by the hand gave us in charge of his daughter, who led us to couches of skins, on which we reclined in oriental style. Soon the deft maiden served to each a wooden bowl with succotash from an immense brass kettle hung in the middle, filled with divers ingredients, including a native tuber, much prized, that grows naturally in running water, in form and taste resembling the tuberous artichoke.

All being served, the grand old chief arose and said to Ietun, chief of the Otoes, a short, stubby man of fifty with a mutilated nose: "My friend, your people have been forced to spend the summer in hunting grounds having little game for the warrior's bow and spear, with no buffaloes from whose skins you might make new lodges. My friend, the Great Spirit has been very kind to my people on the plains, and sent us plenty of buffalo, from which we have obtained abundance of meat and a superfluity of skins. My friend, we desire to share our wealth with our less fortunate allies. My friend, my daughter has made this lodge for you and has prepared this feast for your friends. This is *your* feast; these are your guests; invite them to partake."

Ietun, taken wholly by surprise, rose in much confusion and made a bungling answer, when we all fell to our work and made a hearty meal of a savory dish, despite the fact that the meat had come hundreds of miles in skins not over clean, and often carried on naked warriors between their light summer robes and their own skins.

Returning November 1st, a bright pretty morn, we crossed the Platte at sunrise, ferrying our baggage again in elk hide boats, having in company only the agent and my escort of three men, none of whom could swim, and all declined to mount and lead our horses in swimming, when I said to them, "Well, men, I never order men to go where I fear to lead," stripped off all but my shirt, mounted, bare-backed, the strong



sorrel furnished me by the Quartermaster, and forcing him in led the cavalcade safely across, where some years after a fine young officer and his command were swallowed in quicksand.

On the way we had a storm of rain and wind, which melted all our salt and sugar, spoiled our flour, and left us only a little pork, eked out by a deer from a Delaware brave, who came to our camp after nightfall, dressed in abundant paint, and enjoyed a smoke of true Kinnikinnick with the agent and myself, preceding his smoking with a full puff blown slowly upward as an oblation,—“Wakunda, I offer you tobacco.”

Arrived at Leavenworth, I was ordered to join my company on the upper Mississippi, and, as the boats had laid up for the winter, I bought the horse, rigging and arms of Surgeon Wharton, just starting to visit his long unseen family in Philadelphia, and the agent and I had a very enjoyable ride of some three hundred and fifty miles, ending by a good supper and rest in his hospitable home four miles short of St. Louis, where I had to settle Indian accounts with Major Brant.

As small boats were still running on the Mississippi, I hastened to take probably the last for the season, just about to leave. The clerk, noticing my dress, told me that the wife of an officer was in the cabin with a dying child. Coincidentally she made herself known as the wife of Capt. Browne, whom she was trying to join. “Why, madam, he is my captain, and I am going to report to him.” At once I was in full charge of the lady, her very ill infant, and the wet nurse with her baby. We steamed and cordelled the wheezing little craft to the foot of the Lower Rapids, where stood a substantial stone building, used as a trading station by one Capt. White, agent of the American Fur Company, the only house on the west bank for many miles below and three hundred miles above. That was Keokuk.

Landing at the foot of a bluff on the Illinois shore, we scrambled to the plateau above and found one rickety, unfinished board shanty, which gave us shelter and food. The city of Warsaw now occupies that site.

We hunted out of the weeds a shattery carryall, which had brought the family to their new home, and had taken the weather ever since. Next morning we made an early start for the head of the Rapids, where we were to cross over to the fort, a distance, by any used road, of probably twenty-four miles. My long, lank parade horse drew the vehicle, while a gawky boy rode a sprightly pony bought in St. Louis. Some miles on the way, at a steep hill, my horse choked, fell and broke a shaft. Mounting the pony I galloped him three miles across a prairie to get a sapling to replace the shaft, fortunately having a small axe in my second holster instead of the usual pistol; and using my double bridle reins to wrap the spliced shaft, we again got under way, but were caught by dense darkness, in a new and stumpy road, eight miles from our destination, obliging me to lead the horse by the bridle so as to keep the road. About ten o'clock we reached Huneuh's shanty, the only house in many miles, where the city of Nauvoo afterward flourished. Late as it was we got a fair supper, most welcome after twelve or sixteen hours fast, work and anxiety. Early the next morning Capt. Browne came over, took charge of his patient wife and her nurse and the two babies, and I ferried over my horses, rode to the Adjutant's door and reported for duty.

Our post, Fort Des Moines, now Montrose, as it had been named by Quartermaster Crossman, who during the summer had built log quarters for three companies, was situated close to the river at the head of the rapids, three sides of a square of willow log huts, and the fourth partly closed by the snug house of the commanding officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Kearney, who brought over from Leavenworth Company B, Capt. E. V. Sumner (since major general), under Second Lieutenant H. S. Turner, since conspicuous, who lived in St. Louis; Company H, Capt. Nathan Boone, son of Daniel, transferred from the Rangers; Company I, Capt. Jesse Browne, of Carmi, Ills., transferred from the Rangers, with myself as the only subaltern present; Lieut. John Burgwin was adjutant. The



winter soon set in, and I chinked my cabin, put down a second hand carpet brought from St. Louis, daubed and banked my private stable, and prepared to be comfortable as well as useful, when I was ordered to go diagonally across the country to Fort Gibson, high up the Arkansas, for some men left behind sick the autumn before. Mounting my long parade horse and putting my raw German servant on the spirited little black, we set out 2d January, 1835, ferried the Des Moines, but were turned back by a flooded creek, and spent the next night as the last; but next day we ferried over at the fort and slept at Quincy, then a little village with one poor tavern. Recrossing the river a snow-storm struck us on the ferry-boat and forced a stop under trees till light enough to show the trail over the prairie towards the Missouri river at Booneville, where a crossing could be made. Two feet of snow fell on the level uplands, and at Old Franklin, opposite Booneville, we were stopped some days by floating ice, when we went up twelve miles to Arrow Rock where I got a splendid mulatto ferryman to take me and baggage and sent my servant back with the horses. Buying a native pony woolly enough to resist the piercing winds, I rode out ten miles to the hospitable and comfortable home of Gen. Thomas Smith, whose excellent wife was a sister of Hugh L. White, who got my appointment as cadet, and who was defeated by Van Buren for president in 1836. Dr. Sappington, the widely-known pill man, and his wife, were near neighbors and also guests; so we had a rubber of whist, helped on by a little hot toddy, whilst the storm raged without. The next morning, Friday, February 5th, 1835, well remembered as "the cold Friday," two and a half feet of snow covered the level prairie, the wind blew a gale with violent gusts, which carried the dry snow like summer's dust, and all advised me not to leave shelter; but the night before the general unthoughtedly was inveighing against the effeminacy of the young West Pointers, and, of course, I could not stay there and thus confirm his unjust criticism. So, off I set alone, so bundled up that I

could hardly get at my pocket compass, took a trail westward instead of southward, got into sand cracks, had several tumblers, and was finally brought to realize my error by my horse kneeling down in the snow to shield himself from the blasts right ahead; and more than once he squealed that awful squeal of a burning horse in his stall. Turning to the south at two p. m., I found a new log house with a good fire and a hearty invitation to stop; but I pressed on and at sunset was in the only grove visible from Smith's, ten miles only away, and in warm Kentucky quarters. How low mercury would have fallen there I can judge from feeling and from the fact that at Booneville, two or three hundred feet below the level of the prairie, it was thirty degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. The oxen and cows on Saturday morning had to be fed as they lay benumbed, and every chicken was frozen to death except a cock which refuged in the corn crib, and when I went to feed his bill was hanging by a bit of skin at one side. That Saturday I laid over, but made up the loss Sunday, and spent the night with a jolly old bachelor, the next night on the Osage with the son of our Baptist minister in East Tennessee, a one-armed soldier of 1812, who hugged me like a brother, and said he had some of the best old whiskey in the state; the next with Capt. Bunch, a family relative, living in much comfort; the next under a shed with a cow with a bell having a calf just dropped, which she licked all night, whilst the rain poured in torrents; the next, with a Yankee family, living as snugly and quietly in this rude region as at the old home; the next, having passed the corner-stone between Missouri and Arkansas, in the log hut of a Quapaw Indian; the next at Grande Saline, with Lewis Ross, brother of John Ross, chief of the Cherokees, sons of a Scotch trader by a half-breed Cherokee, an educated and accomplished gentleman, the one afterward my guest in Baltimore, to the other, as secretary of war I paid by warrant \$592,000 for removing his people to the west; the next, at Fort Gibson, with cordial brother officers. Here I remained two weeks, awaiting Col. Arbuckle's orders



to take my men; and then, without any warning, at reveille, whilst still abed, I got orders to move immediately, and in two hours, with sixty-eight men who had run loose for six months, including a deserter in irons, in a lubberly old keel boat, I set out on the Grande river, and in a mile came into the roaring Arkansas, swelled by the melting snows, without a man who had ever seen the river or ran a boat; but we got safely to the mouth, no doubt to the surprise of the grim old colonel.

The Mississippi was on a boom, the spring rise bringing down much drift, which forced all upbound steamers to hug the east shore, and ignore our signals; when, one day, Holliday, who had been a deserter, voluntarily returning, the finest specimen of the animal man and the best soldier I have known, in answer to a call for a volunteer for desperate service, stepped into a light canoe, breasted the raging river and the plunging drift, reached the other shore, and in less than an hour was back with a fine steamer, which took us to Cairo, where we took another for St. Louis and landed at Jefferson barracks, where I found orders to take arms and ammunition from the arsenal near St. Louis for my detachment, ordered on campaign in the far northwest. Capt. Bell, the officer in charge, refused to fill the requisition without orders from Washington, requiring three weeks, and as the need was pressing I proposed to take by force the supplies if he would not resist; applied to Gen. Atkinson, who declined to interfere; and thus I was obliged to take my unarmed men to join other half armed men, all without ammunition, to make a march among the wild Indians of the region between the Mississippi and the Missouri, to impress them with the show of power! Long live red tape!

Every man of the demoralized set was delivered to his proper officer, and of commendation for the arduous and dangerous service I got not a word. Horses were needed, and as that was the only part of the cavalry service of which my captain knew anything, he was ordered to Illinois, his home, to buy them, and the company was placed in my charge, to be

fitted for the campaign. I found the men undrilled, the horses in bad order, and the stables too small for the expected increase. As lumber was needed I set up a whip saw, and when a man neglected his horse he was set at that useful work; and soon the horses showed the value of the whip saw, and they were saved from being galloped after drinking by being gently led to and from the river, only a few rods from the stables. The Colonel was so pleased with my success that he gave Capt. Boone unasked leave to visit his home, and turned his company over to me. Capt. Boone was a good and honest man, a brave and skillful frontiersman and Indian fighter, but was inexperienced in the duties of a dragoon officer in garrison. The whip saw helped the poor abused horses, and their cheerful neighing showed it. New equipments, new clothing were issued, the quarters were cleaned and whitewashed within, the cooking was much improved, and on his return the captain could scarcely recognize his company.

Recruits of men and horses came in, the men mainly from New York, including raw Germans, and one Irish sailor, who had never mounted a horse. This gave plenty of work; but, on the 7th of June, 1835, our three companies began the march which you ask me to describe; but if I should do so with gossiping detail or the approach to it, a big book would result, and as I am weary in body and mind (being just eighty-two) I must abbreviate this narrative, already too long.

The command consisted of one field officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Kearney, one captain, two lieutenants, (Nathan Boone, Lieutenants Lea and Turner) and about one hundred and sixty rank and file, with five four-mule teams and a pack horse to take the commissary stores for three months. Burgwin was left in charge of the fort with the invalids, and we had one officer only to each company, and in addition I was made ordnance officer, and voluntarily assumed the duties of topographer and chronicler.



Our route was along the divide between the Mississippi and Des Moines rivers, the ground was still very soft from excessive rains, but the grass and streams were beautiful, and strawberries so abundant as to make the whole track red for miles together, and as our progress north, about fifteen miles per day, coincided with their ripening, we had this luxury for many weeks, increased by the incident of one of our beeves becoming a milker, and as the master of the herd was of my company I had the monopoly of the grateful food seldom enjoyed so far from civilization.

Some days' march north of the present city of Burlington we passed near the head of the Skunk river (given by me in the Sac tongue as Chicaqua, a modification of the Pottawattamie Chicago), when a gosling ran through our ranks, and was chased by a raw German on foot to a curious lake, apparently dammed artificially by a wall of boulders, and marked on my sketch as Swan Lake.

The grass was fine, and our horses and beeves gradually grew fat, but the Indians had burnt all the old grass, leaving short hazel stubs, which penetrated the horses' feet, softened by the wet earth, causing fistulas between the frog and the shell, to be cured only by the knife or caustic. My long parade horse was the first victim, becoming very lame, when I threw him, cut away all the fistula in reach, and ran a short stick of lunar caustic up over the frog, replaced the shoe with a boot leg and padding beneath (or above) it, and turned him out for the night. Although usually rude and unwilling to be handled, early next day he came to my tent door and extended his foot for treatment. As we had no veterinarian, many claimed my services for that and other afflictions that horse "flesh is heir to," and thus what I had learned as a boy from my father on a farm in the mountains of East Tennessee served the government and my friends well on the wild plains of the far west. All knowledge is worth treasuring.

Not far from the head of Skunk (Chicaqua) river, in the midst of an ocean of fine native grass, such as only Iowa pro-

duces, we encountered a small herd of buffalo, to which many of us gave chase. It was the first and only time I have seen the lordly beast in his home, and probably the last time he appeared in that region. Meat was plenty in camp that night, including a calf brought in alive; but my feast was found in the marrow, which Agent Dougherty had taught me to esteem. We camped one night near a flint and gravel covered conical peak, say sixty feet above the plain, near a stream, named on my sketch as "Boone river," but it must have been the Des Moines itself, as surveys have shown. It was near Boone. Can you locate it now? After my tent was pitched we killed four rattle snakes within it, and the next day I had a bath in a pool, occupied by mosquitos so large that I pressed one in my journal, and carried for years as a specimen of the luxuriant growth of the plains.

Turning thence more east, we crossed a stream forty yards wide and two feet deep, where limestone filled with petrifications was abundant, and hence named "Shell Rock." We soon passed a smooth table land, probably 570 feet above Lake Pepin, which divides the streams running south from those running north and east into the Mississippi. The upper stratum of this flat ridge or table, is hard, shelly limestone, based on a soft, light sandstone, easily abraded, and, on the north side, cut into deep ravines, gorges and fantastic figures, resembling the ruins of giants' castles. We followed one of these valleys, a mile wide, three hundred feet below the plain, with a clear stream winding through it, full of fish and fringed with fruits. It runs north into a stream running east into the great river below Lake Pepin, which I named, from a raft near the mouth, Embarras, now modified into Zumbro. A hundred and sixty of us feasted to gorging three days on the golden speckled trout from a small brook by which we rested. We then moved to the first high ground on the river below Lake Pepin, which was plainly in view, including Wabasha's Village near the lake, and a noted land mark known as "La Montague que trempe a l'eau." Here we awaited the arrival



of a steamboat with supplies, and it also brought my captain, but no relief for me.

From this very pleasant camp our march was westward; and we soon got into a region of lakes and open groves of oak, beautiful as English parks. Six years after, when Chief Clerk of the War Department, I was breakfasting one Sunday with Nicollet, in the room where his great map of the Upper Mississippi was under construction, glued on a large drawing table, when he led the talk to the map of that country made from notes and sketches of this campaign; and he was enthused by my sketch of a scene on a particular lake.

"Ah," said he, "zat ees fine, zat ees magnifique! What you call 'im?" "I named it from its shape, Lake Chapeau." "Zat ees not de name, it is Lake Albert Lea," and he ran to the big table and wrote the name on the map, already copied from mine, and the name is still attached to the lake, and a fair little city has grown up on its border, bearing the same, which I visited by special invitation eleven years ago, and addressed a large assemblage of pioneers and descendants in a grove traversed by our detachment forty-four years before, many marks of our trail being still recognizable. Possibly, some day, I may again ride over that trail; and I might well wish that my freed spirit could leave this green earth with the impression made just fifty-five years ago, as I gazed and sketched, when halted for our noon rest on the shaded and grassy shore of Lake Albert Lea.

Thence our march was still through rich prairies, interspersed with lakes and groves, across the Des Moines river, which we descended to the mouth of the Raccoon Fork, a grassy and spongy meadow with a bubbling spring in the midst, near which my tent was pitched, and the side of a fat young deer was spitted before the fire, and despatched with great gusto by the aid of two brother officers and a bottle of fine old French brandy, obtained from Choteau's stock, and carried the whole campaign in my wallet, untasted. The capital of Iowa now covers that site.

The next morning, a bright Sunday, I got orders to reconnoitre the Des Moines river, by descending it in a canoe, to ascertain the practicability of navigation with keel boats, with a view to the establishment of a military port. A goodly cottonwood was selected, my men set to work with a will, and at sunrise Tuesday I bade adieu to the camp, and aided by a soldier and an Indian, started on my toilsome task, sounding all shoals, taking courses with a pocket compass, estimating distances from bend to bend by the time and rate of motion, sketching every notable thing, occasionally landing to examine the geology of the rocks, and sleeping in the sand despite the gnats and mosquitoes. We made the trip without an accident, and leaving our canoe with Capt. White at the trading house, we footed it to the fort, where we arrived many days before the main body, who returned leisurely by land, and arrived in fine order, without the loss of a man, a horse, a tool, or a beef, which were fatter than at the starting, after a march of eleven hundred miles.

Without delay, I mapped the river, and wrote a report on its character and capabilities, which was forwarded to the Adjutant-General: and then it occurred to me that I could get an outline of the region between the Mississippi and Missouri, and by filling it in with my sketches, the whole route having been carefully meandered, as I did the river, I could make a map that would interest the public, gain me some reputation and perhaps a little money. By aid of Capt. Boone my success in getting data was beyond expectation. A well-filled map, 24x30 inches, was soon made, delayed only by a severe attack of bilious fever. Before finished, Col. Kearney sent for it, and when finished he took it from me, disallowing a copy, although all my work on the march and in quarters was wholly voluntary, not trenching upon duties, and the product was as much my private property as my hand. I named it "Map of the Iowa District of Wisconsin Territory." Just after the Black Hawk affair, in 1832, Gen. Winfield Scott came over from Chicago to Rock Island, installed Keokuk as



principal chief of the Sacs and Foxes, and made a treaty by which a strip along the Iowa river was opened to squatters, still known locally, I suppose, as "Scott's Purchase," and two years later, just when I happened to be at Rock Island with recruits, another treaty obtained a large cession, also laid down on my map, which was the first showing, with any tolerable approach to accuracy, of the region west of the Mississippi, temporarily attached to Wisconsin, itself only a territory, represented by Gen. Geo. W. Jones as delegate in congress, who obtained the authorization of the new territory, and removed from his beautiful home at Sinsinawa Mound, near Galena, to Dubuque, with a view to political preferment.

Weary of playing the role of head hostler, I resolved to resign my commission, and adopt the profession of civil engineer, then in much demand; but before leaving, I desired to make profit out of my special knowledge, by securing claim to lands; and especially to the angle of the river, where some thirty to thirty-five miles below Rock Island it turned from west to south, protruding a sharp elbow into the heart of the rich region within its proper range. During a very cold spell in February, 1836, I rode from the fort up the river, stopped at the raw village of Burlington one night, and next day I bought of one David, a young, shrewd Kentuckian, four lots fronting the court house, in expectancy; for \$100, and sold them to John Pemberton, a friend in Philadelphia, father of Gen. John C., of Vicksburg notoriety, for \$400, the next spring; these lots, I suppose, are now worth \$200,000; this is a sample of the opportunities then open to me. I reached the mouth of Iowa river at dark, and was refused shelter in the only house there, occupied by a drinking crowd of men and women, and was obliged to go up the narrow crooked river, on the ice, four inches thick, with snow three inches deep on it, axe in hand, to try the ice at every sharp bend for fear of thin places, in moonless darkness relieved only by the snow, intensified by the dense forest on both sides, four miles, to a snug cabin on the north side, where aroused at nine P. M. they

received me kindly, gave me supper and a sleep with the hired man, the other two beds being occupied by the squatter and wife and many children, grown daughters included, the cook stove being in the fourth corner, and yet we were all comfortable, and as gay at breakfast as if feasting at a wedding.

About noon that day the head of Muscatine slough was reached, where a squatter had a small cabin of unhewn poles and two stacks of prairie hay, which, with his "claim," good as a patent, he offered to sell to me for fifty dollars; but I had no idea that he held the very position I was seeking, declined his offer, and pushed on by starlight to old Ben Nye's at the mouth of Pine river, eighteen miles below Rock Island, which I was well assured was the coveted apex of the great bend. The next morning I bought all his claims on the north of Pine and rode on, in high spirits, to visit the officers at Fort Armstrong, where I met Capt. Wm. Gordon, a brother Tennessean, of Pocahontas descent, just returned from some years trapping in the Rocky Mountains, who had come across alone from Council Bluffs to view the country, to seek and to seize upon *the* spot which I had just secured. He took the great disappointment in good part, and we soon formed a partnership, by which he was to have a share and the care of my town site, whilst he was to take the upper half of the whole claim undivided, and we were to be equal partners in all other operations. So, after two nights and a day together in the hospitable garrison, we parted, he to take and *hold* possession and I to return joyfully to our post, and then to hasten to Baltimore, where a lovely woman had awaited my return nearly two years.

Whilst due preparations were being made for a certain solemn occasion, I went to Washington, with difficulty obtained a copy of my map, had it lithographed in Philadelphia, wrote "Notes on the Iowa District of Wisconsin Territory," which made a duodecimo little book of forty-five pages, prefaced with a letter commendatory from Gen. Jones, of which one thousand copies with the map were put up by my friend H. S.



Tanner, to whom I paid thirty-seven and a-half cents per copy, and put them on sale at one dollar. Being quite ignorant of the book trade, I assumed the sales myself, sent a few copies by mail, and five hundred in a trunk as freight to Arthur Bridgman, of Burlington, an accomplished merchant. The last I heard of them was on a little steamboat stranded on a sand bank in the Ohio. Other matters claimed my attention, the distribution was neglected, a few copies only reached the west, and I have heard of sales at five dollars a copy; but for all my labor and expense, I have not, to this day, received one dollar.

ALBERT MILLER LEA.

---

## BUSHWHACKING IN MISSOURI.

BY CAPT. N. LEVERING, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

---



IN the spring of 1865 I determined to emigrate from the polar regions of Iowa to a more genial clime; kind friends armed me with letters of introduction. Thus equipped, I boarded the steamer "Omaha" and booked for Independence, Mo., where I expected to find a more pleasant climate and less agreeable society. At that time there was no place in the United States where the elements of hostility and discord disturbed and pervaded every department of society as along the border of Missouri and Kansas. Added to the bitter feeling engendered by the rebellion, was a relic of former border troubles. The tail of the old serpent still lingered there, and it appears that the people regarded it a christian duty to hate all who were not of the same political faith or of like nativity. Bands of guerillas or land pirates, commonly known as "bushwhackers," roamed through the border counties of Missouri, and they were no respecters of persons; their chief object was plunder. Their homes were in the brush and among their friends scattered

over the country. They frequently congregated for a raid and swooped down upon the farm, village or town, scooping up what they could and exchanging their jaded horses for better ones, without asking or offering boot. They were regarded as the scum of "cussedness" boiled down.

I arrived at Independence on the 9th of April. My letters of introduction were to friends, who gave me a cordial reception and endeavored to give me a more hopeful view of the near future for that beautiful country, than the bleeding past and the then turbulent state of society. I spent a few days looking about the city, the surrounding country and Kansas City, when I concluded to advance farther into the country and took a stage for Holden. The stage was crowded with passengers inside and out, the team had a sorry appearance, and looked as if it had served during the war in Orpheus C. Kerr's "mackerel brigade," high of bones and low of flesh. The proprietors of the line informed the passengers that all good stage horses were corralled by bushwhackers, and only such horses as would not answer their purpose could be used, hence the driver was compelled to whack bones in place of flesh. We were promised an escort of soldiers, but for some cause it did not show up. This caused some dissatisfaction among some of the passengers, but when they were assured that we would have one in a few miles they quieted down and we rolled out.

When we arrived at the first station no escort had put in an appearance, nor had the coming stage showed up. The driver hesitated about going farther until the arrival of the other stage. After waiting some considerable time the passengers became impatient and urged the driver to start. After going a mile or two he stopped and declared that he would not go farther until the coming stage hove in view, as he was confident that it had been captured by bushwhackers. It was only by the most persistent urging on the part of a majority of the passengers that he again whipped up his bony team for a mile or more, when no stage yet appearing he stoutly

determined not to go farther until he had some tidings from the coming stage. To the relief of all it soon hove in sight. This inspired our driver with fresh courage and he whipped up as he had not done before. We had not proceeded but a few rods when the deck passengers raised the cry of bushwhackers. Our driver stopped and said "the other stage had been bushwhacked, for there are two bushwhackers around the corner of that hedge fence with the lead horses." This was the cause of much commotion among the passengers, who in the exciting crisis were secreting their money and other valuables as best they could. The coach suddenly assumed the appearance of an arsenal. I at once urged them to put up their fire arms until they saw it was actually necessary to use them. If we were bushwhacked the display of fire arms might cause unnecessary blood-shed. There were two ladies in the stage; they did not utter a shriek, but exhibited more coolness and composure than most of the men. I alighted from the coach and walked out where I could see the bushwhackers, who were a few rods from the road near a hedge fence. There were two men dressed in federal uniform, each holding a horse in harness. I called to them and said: "What is the matter?" "A runaway," was the reply, "the lead horses of the other stage ran away and we have just caught them." The men were not bushwhackers, but union soldiers, and belonged to the escort. This caused much easy breathing among our fellow passengers. The long-looked-for stage soon arrived with an escort under command of a lieutenant, who refused to return with us, as he was under orders to go directly to Kansas City with his men. This so alarmed our crowd that they all boarded the other stage, with the exception of one of the ladies and two men, including the writer, and returned to Independence.

Our fellow travelers bid us adieu, saying that if the escort would not go with them they would with it. Our driver applied the smarting lash to his bony team, but was not in a mood to sing "I am Happy on My Way." We arrived at



Pleasant Hill late in the afternoon and got a fresh skeleton team and driver and set out for Holden, the writer being the only passenger. This team possessed less flesh and more weakness than any previous team. We had not traveled far when one of the horses, out of pure weakness fell, breaking the tongue of the coach. It was now near sunset. I left the driver to care for his team, while I walked nearly a mile across fields to a farm house, where I procured tools and material to repair our dilapidated coach. Patched up we moved forward under the sable curtains of night. We were soon halted at a bridge by a guard, who was desirous to know from whence we came and whither we were going. The guard informed us that the day previous Kingville, a small village near Holden, had been sacked and burned, some of the citizens killed and several wounded, and that this had been done by a band of marauding bushwhackers, and that a Wisconsin regiment had arrived at Holden and were in pursuit of the bandits. We were soon at Kingville, and as the stage rolled slowly by, we noticed through the dark from the flickering lights of the smoldering remains what once constituted pleasant and happy homes. It was twelve or one o'clock when the stage arrived at Holden, which was filled with soldiers, which gave me a feeling of safety. Here I remained two or three days. The next day after my arrival I set out to see the surrounding country, accompanied by two soldiers, who by permission of their colonel proffered me their services. We set out on foot, the men taking with them their guns, the sight of which created some commotion among the farmers, who were at work in their fields with their weapons slung upon their backs. I was forcibly reminded of our forefathers in the Indian wars. Not having weapons, I usually advanced and made ourselves known and removed all apprehensions of alarm, when we were very cordially received and urged to remain and partake of their hospitality much longer than we had the time. On our return in the evening my comrades were walking on either side of me, when, as we approached

camp, the cry was raised, "The boys have another bush-whacker," which we enjoyed as a whacking joke. Five or six of Price's men, who had straggled from their command and seemed to be wandering aimlessly through the country, surrendered to a farmer that day and had just been brought into camp. We went at once to see them and found them replenishing the inner man in a most ravenous manner. They were dirty, ragged and starved. If they were a fair sample of Price's command it must have been a sorry affair. I next visited the Kingville wounded and found only two there, the others having been removed by friends; two had been killed. After spending a short time here I returned to Independence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

---

GEORGE W. McCrARY.\*

---



WHEN it became known that Mr. McCrary was seriously ill, his wife began to receive by every mail inquiries as to his condition from their many fast friends in all parts of the country. The two-in-one, husband and wife, have touched in a vital way so many of the activities of our American life, that these fast friends were found in the most widely sundered places and stations. The affection of these friends for him whose life was in danger had been called forth by his sympathy, his strength, his thoughtful kindness, his devotion to their interests and happiness. When the telegraph brought to these friends the news that his spirit had taken flight, that in the flesh they should see him no more, they felt that a great loss and sorrow had come not only to his immediate family, but to all who for many years had looked to him for counsel and work in the great human and divine struggle for freedom, education, progress, and religion to come to every soul.

---

\*Reprinted from the Unitarian, Ann Arbor, Mich., August, 1890.

Mr. McCrary's boyhood was spent in Van Buren county, Iowa, in the usual round of duties that come to the farmer's boy in a new country. It is sometimes thought that farm life in a new country is hard, unlovely, sterile of opportunities for growth of mind. But how large is the proportion of America's great men who have been schooled in this pioneer farm life! Leaders in business, education, science, reform, statesmanship, and religion, have often received their training in the humble homes, the inferior schools, and the crude social conditions inseparable from the development of a new country. From the training of the frontier farm the young McCrary sought further training in Keokuk, then a frontier town seething with the excitement of real estate booms and the great expectation of being a leading city of the west.

The young man and his young wife had an exhaustless capital of industry, energy, mental power and moral purpose, for which the frontier town gave fit field of activity. He studied law in the office of Samuel F. Miller, since for many years a justice on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. After admission at the bar, Mr. McCrary soon took rank as an able and successful lawyer. His head was clear,—he saw the points of a case. His moral perceptions were keen, giving to his statement of the right an intense glow. His knowledge of the law was comprehensive and at ready command. He was earnest, conciliatory, persuasive, strong. Important cases came to him, and were handled to the satisfaction of his clients.

The great ferment of thought on the slavery question was in progress. Southern Iowa, bordering on a slave state, was the scene of an intense-pro-slavery feeling. In Keokuk this spirit was especially bitter, for many families of culture, wealth and influence, had settled here from the south, and had brought with them their southern predilections. And many had immigrated from the northern states, and were imbued with strong anti-slavery sentiments. Among these latter the young lawyer, recently from the long years of lonely work



and lofty thinking on the isolated farm, cast his lot, and was immediately an acknowledged leader. He was elected a member of the lower house of the Iowa Legislature in 1857, when he was only twenty-two years old. Here he served so ably that in 1861 he was chosen to the State Senate, where he served for two terms, being the chairman of the committee on military affairs during the war. These years of service in the State Legislature fitted him for the larger work of congress, to which he was chosen in 1868 as representative from the first district of Iowa, and to which he was several times re-elected. He was chosen by President Hayes as Secretary of War in 1877. Two years later he resigned this cabinet portfolio to accept a judgeship on the bench of the United States District Court. In 1884 he resigned his place on the bench to accept the position of general counsel of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, at the same time removing his home from Keokuk to Kansas City. This position he held at the time of his death.

As a statesman and a judge, Mr. McCrary was the outspoken friend of liberty and right and justice. When young and unknown this friendship led him to unite his fortunes with a political party, that so far as human eye could see, could give him neither place nor influence for many years to come. But it did give a magnificent chance to work for human rights! This it was that attracted the tens of thousands of young men, in every northern state, who entered into the great contest with an intense moral fervor. This it was that attracted him. In Iowa the new party came at once to power, and gave the young leader from Keokuk a seat in the state legislature. Very soon it came to power in the nation and gave to him, in congress and in cabinet, a wider field for statesmanship.

In the state legislature, in the national congress, in the cabinet of the chief executive, Judge McCrary could be relied on for wise counsel, and for conservative and yet aggressive work. Devoted to human rights, desiring that every human

being should have freedom and justice, he was yet cautious and practical in speech and in action. He had that invaluable combination of qualities, so necessary to the statesman and the judge,—radical thought and conservative method. His clear and fearless thought went directly through all shams and errors. But in correcting the shams and errors he had the cautious methods that belong always to the judicial mind. He knew the influence of environment, and that to change men the environment must be changed. He was an evolutionist before the philosophy of evolution had been formulated. The evolutionist is able to distinguish between the ideally perfect and that lower degree of perfection that present conditions render possible. He then devotes work to the accomplishment of the present possible, and standing on this gain works toward the larger future good. Thus radical in thought and conservative in method Judge McCrary was sought as an adviser by many people and on many subjects, and his advice was usually taken rather than that of the hot-headed men who fume and fail.

Eminent as he was as lawyer and statesman his whole manner and thought were most simple and unaffected. He was of large mental and spiritual mold, and took large things easily and naturally. They were as his native air. Thrown into close companionship with the leading men of the nation, he continued to have friendly sympathy with the most obscure men whom he had known as boys in the country neighborhood where he grew up. He appreciated genuine worth, whether found in president or plowman. Dealing in congress with questions of national importance he never forgot the trivial duties and amenities due to the humblest of his fellow-citizens. Naturally of a somewhat shy temperament it was only after acquaintance had ripened into friendship that his most genial and attractive side appeared. He was then hearty and sympathetic. In friendship he was cordial, constant, self-sacrificing, always willing to work and to give for the advancement of his friends. In all the relations of the

home he was most thoughtful for the comfort and happiness of the home circle. Alas, what sorrow has fallen on that circle in his untimely death! In religion he was a reverent disciple of Christ, whose message he interpreted as one of trust in God, of eternal hope for man, of divine realities in the spiritual life here and forevermore. In his mind Death was an introduction to larger work, to wider companionship, to higher thinking, to more perfect communion with the Over Soul. Death came sooner than he looked for it. He would gladly have carried forward his work to still larger results, would have enjoyed for many unbroken years the society of wife and children, and the grandchildren that had begun to climb upon his knee. But to the imperative command he gave willing obedience.

To the Unitarian church in Keokuk which he had helped to build, and where for many years he and his family worshipped, to the old friends with whom he had lived and worked during the period of his struggles and successes, his body was brought for burial. Those old friends and neighbors crowded the beautiful building, and large numbers could not get admittance. Once more were read the grand promises of life immortal that came to illumined souls of old, once more the noble organ rolled out rich volumes of sound — mournful, indeed, but full of trust and hope. The Rev. Robert Hassall, who was for several years Judge McCrary's pastor in the Keokuk church, and who for many more years has been the intimate and trusted friend of the family, spoke from a full heart words of appreciation and love for him who had gone away, and of consolation and trust to the sorrowing family and friends. Justice Samuel F. Miller, the preceptor, partner, friend of the statesman whose body was in the casket, was unable to control the tides of emotion as he spoke of his character, his ability, his work, his warm human sympathy. The Hon. S. M. Clark, editor of the *Gate City*, who was a law student in Judge McCrary's office, gave a noble tribute to his noble friend. Among other words of equal power and truth



he said: "The lawyer McCrary and the judge McCrary and the politician McCrary and the law-giver McCrary never had a secret of his own that he could not look the man McCrary in the face and tell with clear, honest eyes. He made righteousness the law of his life. . . . But to this audience of gray-headed men and women who have known Judge McCrary and Mrs. McCrary since they came here in their youth, his distinction in statesmanship will be not so much in your thought as that he was your neighbor. No monument that can be erected over his grave will match the purity, nobility and greatness of his character." The Rev. J. E. Roberts, recently Judge McCrary's pastor in the Unitarian church in Kansas City, in winged words of prayer led the mourning congregation into nearer communion with the Lord of Life. Choir and people joined in the hymn of trust and triumph, now so familiar throughout the Christian world, "Nearer my God to Thee," then in long line the great assembly followed the body of their risen friend to the beautiful cemetery where it was laid to rest. He, in the larger activities of the spiritual life, is at home with God.

O. CLUTE.

Agricultural College, Mich., July 15, 1890.

---

### A TRICK THAT WAS NOT SUCCESSFULLY PLAYED—A GILPIN RIDE.

---



T the first session of the Iowa Territorial Legislature, which met in Burlington in November, 1838, and was continued into January, 1839, an act was passed, appointing commissioners to locate the permanent capital of Iowa in Johnson county, and to be called Iowa City. The act named Chauncey Swan, of Dubuque county, Robert Ralston, of Des Moines county, and John Ronalds, of Louisa county, as such commissioners, and it required them to meet at the town of Napoleon in said county,

on the fourth day of May, 1839, and then and there take the oath of office as such commissioners, and then proceed with the location.

Napoleon was then but a paper town, its buildings consisting only of an Indian trading house and a settler's cabin.

This being a day on which a public act of considerable importance to all in the immediate neighborhood was to be performed, every white man within a radius of thirty miles was present to see it done, and the whole attendance did not amount to a hundred.

Robert Walker, a justice of the peace, was present to administer the oath of office.

Mr. Swan was on hand at an early hour of the day to perform his duty. Mr. Ralston lived in Burlington, seventy-five miles distant, and Mr. Ronalds in Louisa county, thirty-five miles away.

After a long and weary waiting till the middle of the afternoon, without the two last named commissioners appearing, it looked as though through some mistep, miscalculation, or sinister design, a majority of the commission would not be present on the day fixed by law, and that the act providing for the removal of the capital from Burlington to Iowa City would become a nullity, and no removal would be effected. After much tedious waiting and watching, the idea suggested itself to Mr. Swan that it was then not too late to secure the attendance of Mr. Ronalds, provided some one could be found to go for him, and calling for a volunteer for that purpose, Mr. Philip Clark presented himself and offered to go. Bestriding the best horse obtainable, he put him under whip and spur for the first twenty-five miles to the forks of the Iowa and Cedar rivers, when he got a fresh horse from Mr. William Sturgis, rode ten miles further to Mr. Ronalds' where he found that gentleman with a horse just saddled to go to Burlington. Mr. Clark informed him that he was wanted as a capital commissioner at the town of Napoleon, and that he would have to go post haste in order to reach that place

within the time fixed by law for his presence, which would expire at midnight. Partaking of a hasty lunch Mr. Clark started immediately on his return, Mr. Ronalds accompanying him. At Fredonia, where Mr. Clark had left his horse, he exchanged the borrowed one for his own, which had become rested, and with all speed they made haste for their destination, arriving just soon enough for the two commissioners to be sworn in before the clock tolled the hour of midnight.

On his return, so stiff, tired and sore had Mr. Clark become from his fast and continuous ride of seventy miles, that he could not get off his horse without help, and it took several days of rest for him to recover his usual agility.

So anxious were all to have the act consummated within the required time that they did not, like Joshua of old, command the sun and moon to stand still, but they commanded the hands of their watches to turn back, and the hands turned as the shadow on the dial of Ahaz in old bible times "went back ten degrees."

As Mr. Swan and Mr. Ralston were both members of the legislature that passed the law, they knew the day fixed on which to begin the performance of their duties as commissioners, and as newspapers were scarce and the laws not very generally disseminated, Mr. Ronalds was misinformed as to the time, and it was supposed and charged that this misinformation was designed in the interest of Burlington, for the purpose of having the law a failure, as it would have been had both Mr. Ronalds and Mr. Ralston failed to qualify in time, and the capital would have remained in Burlington.

H. W. LATHROP.



## LETTERS OF A WAR GOVERNOR.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 431, VOL. III., JAN. 1887.)



E continue to select at random from the executive correspondence of Iowa during the war. Here are two letters from Governor Kirkwood showing the dangers which at the beginning of the war threatened the southern and western borders of Iowa from rebels on the one side and Indians on the other, and the difficulty of repelling them, despite the eagerness of the young men to enroll themselves for defense, on account of the lack of arms and money.

*Governor Kirkwood to O. C. Treadway:*

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, April 30th, 1861.

*O. C. Treadway, Esq., Sioux City, Iowa:*

*Dear Sir:*—Your letter concerning petition of your citizens has just reached me. My situation is cruelly perplexing. A requisition has been made on me by the Secretary of War for one regiment and the men are ready to march, but for two weeks I have not had a word from Washington. There are but very few arms in this state, and they of poor quality and scattered all over the state. I wrote the Secretary of War two weeks ago urgently for arms for your protection and have no reply. The authorities there have been much embarrassed I suppose for the last two weeks. On the 23d ult., I got Senator Grimes to go to Washington personally on this business, yet have not heard from him. I have written to private manufactories of arms in the east to know if arms can be purchased and expect to hear soon. Having learned on yesterday that a large supply of arms had been had at Washington, D. C., from St. Louis, I have sent an express messenger there to try and get part of them. In short, I am using all means known to me to get arms. In the meantime you can do something. I have some time since given Judge Baldwin large discretionary power for the protection of the western frontier. Please consult with him. I would advise the formation of companies of minute men, each man having his own rifle or double barrel shot gun. Those who have not either borrowing from those have but can not go. Your common ammunition will suit—ball for rifles and buckshot for shot guns. They are better than nothing, and I have not anything better to give. Let the men thus organized go about their usual business, having a complete arrangement by which they can be called together at an hour's notice if needed. In this way organization can be had, and the public mind to some extent put at rest. This is the old "minute men" plan of the frontier in Ohio. I hope soon to have arms for your protection.

I have called an extra session for the 15th of May.

Very truly,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

*Governor Kirkwood to Hon. John Edwards:*

DAVENPORT, IOWA, May 1, 1861.

*Hon. John Edwards, Chariton, Iowa:*

*Dear Sir:*—The company at your place is too late for either the first or second regiment.

I am much embarrassed for arms. I am moving every means I can think of to get them and am daily in hopes of succeeding. I inclose an order on Major J. G. Lauman for forty muskets—all I can possibly get. You had better go or send for them a trusty person. Take them to Ottumwa by rail, and thence in a wagon. Your people must bear the expense as I have not any money for the purpose. See to it quietly that reliable men are organized with

what arms they can get of their own for home defense until arms can be had. You had better go down into Wayne county if possible and have them organize a company of reliable men with their own arms as minute men, attending as usual, to their business in a way to act in concert in an emergency. Hunting rifles and double-barrel shot guns, although not good weapons in an army, can be of great service in the hands of determined men in a guerilla warfare. I hope our border will be safe, but it is best to be on guard against surprise. All that can be done until arms can be had and the legislature meets the people must do for and by themselves. They will be as well armed as the border Missourians and are as good men. I wish I could do more for you but I have not the means at my disposal. The Indians are threatening the western border and I must send them some arms.

Very truly,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

## REPORT ON INDIANS.\*

SAN CARLOS AGENCY, ARIZONA,

*Medical Director,*

February 10, 1883.

*Department of Arizona,*

SIR:

*Whipple Barracks, A. T.*



IN compliance with your direction of the 5th ultimo, to furnish such general statistics as I may be able to obtain, with information as to the number, character, arms, habits, diet, clothing, habitations, occupations, etc, of the Indians residing at the San Carlos Agency; also the relative proportion of males, females and children; the diseases observed among them, and their remedial measures, and all other information that may prove useful in studying the habits and peculiarities of the Indian portion of the population, I have the honor to submit the following:

My service here covers a period of only three months, and my previous opportunities for observing Indian character and customs have been but slight and casual.

The Indians at present residing at this Agency are one tribe of the Yuma and another of the Mohave nations, and the San Carlos, Cayotera, Tonto and White Mountain tribes of the Apaches.

The Yumas and Mohaves are bands detached from their tribes or nations, whose homes are respectively in the valleys of the Colorado and the Verde. It is common for these Indians to be spoken of as Yuma Apaches and Mohave

---

\*This report was made by direction of Major (now Colonel) R. J. D. Irwin, Surgeon U. S. Army, Medical Director of the Department of Arizona, (under the command of Brigadier General George Crook,) by the present editor of the HISTORICAL RECORD, then medical officer at San Carlos, Arizona.

Apaches, but this simply signifies that they are associated with the Apaches at this Agency.

The philologist encounters difficulty in distinguishing names originating with the Indians themselves from those bestowed by Europeans. In translating Indian names into English, the Indian pronunciation seems to have been better preserved than when changed into the languages of Spain or France. There is nothing in the vocalization of the tribal title of the Iowas or the Musquakas to arouse suspicion of their being of derivation foreign to the Indian, while Assiniboin and Ouisconsin betray the French origin, and the Mexico-Spanish derivation is not disguised in such names as those of the tribes I am considering: Cayotera evidently coming from the Mexican word *cayote*, the jackal, and *Tonto* being Spanish for foolish, this latter term having been applied to the tribe now bearing it, it is said, by visitors who found them talking two languages, the Yuma and Apache, probably a corruption of both. However this may have been, there is no doubt that the Tontos speak both the Apache and Yuma dialects.

The Yumas and Mohaves here are but small fragments of those tribes of the same names who still dwell, the one on the banks of the Colorado, and the other in the Verde Valley, and for purposes of description may be classed together, as they speak the same tongue, intermarry constantly, and differ little in customs and manners. The Yumas here number: adult males, 131; adult females, 69; male children, 49; female children, 34; total, 313. Of Mohaves there are: adult males, 209; adult females, 171; male children, 108; female children, 95; total, 583. These two bands are regarded as reliably peaceful toward the whites. They are more reserved, dignified and industrious than the Apaches, and in the primitive arts, such as making pottery and weaving baskets, are a short step in advance of their neighbors, and exhibit skill and taste in their work. Their customs permit plural marriages, but comparatively few of their men have more than one wife, and none more than two. They cremate their dead, whereas the Apaches bury theirs under the rocks in the mountains, heaping brush above to mark the spot. Like the Apaches, upon the decease of a person, they destroy, by burning, all effects pertaining to the dead—teepee, clothes and cooking utensils. Some of these people present a Jewish cast of countenance, not displeasing in the men, and lending beauty to the women, a fact which may tend to confirm the belief of



those who think the Indians a portion of the lost tribes of Israel. The men are more considerate in the treatment of their squaws than the Apaches, bearing some of the burdens of the day. On the contrary, in the morals of the women, the Apaches are superior.

The Apaches are more athletic, daring and restless than their associates, and their countenances and physiques are more typical of the American aborigines. Their heads are round, their faces broad and their cheek bones high, and in these characteristics the White Mountain Indians are the most pronounced.

The four bands of Apaches here number conjointly: Adult males, 1,090; adult females, 1,247; male children, 673; female children, 668; total, 3,678:

It will be seen from the figures given that the total Indian population here is 4,574, of which number 1,430 are men, 1,517 women, 830 boys, and 797 girls, the children being of all ages, from infancy to adolescence, and that the males in all classes are in excess of the females, except in that of the adult Apaches, in which the women have a majority of 157; also that the proportion of children to adults is not as great as might be expected. This shortage of children does not support the theory of the fruitfulness of polygamous marriages, as the Apaches are a polygamous people, some of the bucks having as many as six squaws, while few of them, in the married state, restrict themselves to one. Notwithstanding the excess in the number of women at present among the Apaches and the liberal customs which obtain on the subject of marriage, rape is an offense quite commonly complained of. The Apache, in accordance with the general Indian custom, buys his wife from her father or people, giving generally one or more ponies, and she is thereafter his chattel property. If there are other younger sisters in the family, he often buys one or all of them also, even though no more than five or six years old, and takes them to his camp, to participate in a forced cohabitation before the approach of pubescence. In these matrimonial bargains, even when the bride has reached years of discretion, her wishes are not consulted. However repugnant to her inclinations, if the cupidity of her family is satisfied, she must submit with the best grace she can.

Of the four bands of Apaches here, the White Mountain Indians are the most warlike, and their women the most virtuous. Their physical proportions seem greater on an aver-

age than the others. They may generally be distinguished by the breadth and prominence of the cheek bones. The symmetrically arched mouths and regular teeth often lend a rude beauty to the females of this savage people. The Apaches are a gay and light-hearted set, full of laughter and hilarity; they exhibit warm affection for comrades and relations, couples of the same sex being often seen walking about with their arms entwined about each other. They are courageous and patient. Although most of their time is spent in idleness, this seems to be more from want of employment than from natural sloth. They seem to be destitute of any feeling of gratitude. They do not appear to be conscious of inferiority, but stand unabashed in the presence of the greatest. Against all the good traits that can be accorded them, they must be accounted as adepts in treachery and cruelty, delighting in torture and blood. When prompted by a morbid desire for the display of prowess, no bonds of consanguinity are strong enough to stay their murderous hands. Brothers and sisters, vainly crying for mercy, go down before the rifle and the club, and children's brains are dashed out against the trees or stones.

The Indians at this agency are said to be well supplied with good arms and plenty of ammunition. If so, they make no display of them, only carrying them when hunting. The bow and arrow seem little to be depended on by them for defense or aggression, and have become the playthings of the boys, who amuse themselves lying in ambush, waiting the approach of the meadow lark, whose body generally receives the steel-pointed arrow. The long lance, once a formidable weapon with them, has fallen into disuse, and is only occasionally to be seen now.

These Indians generally evince a willingness to engage in husbandry, and at this writing a considerable breadth of barley has already been planted by them. Their clean and prepared fields, inclosed with improvised fences of brush and saplings, line the bottoms of the Gila and San Carlos rivers for a number of miles east and west of the agency, and many of them are tilling the soil at greater distances from San Carlos.

The industrious perseverance with which they engaged in cutting, collecting and transporting hay for the use of the military at the agency, is a contradiction of the charge that all Indians are inherently lazy. Within a period of six weeks

these people supplied two hundred tons of hay. To appreciate this statement it must be remembered that every blade of this hay was cut with knives, that most of it was carried on the backs of men, women and children an average distance of four miles, and only an inconsiderable portion on the backs of "burros" (donkeys) and ponies. When the haying season was at its height, the scene around the agency was animated in the extreme. From dawn to sunset, the panorama presented was a plain of moving hay. Bucks and squaws, boys and girls, burros and ponies, were the motive forces, but these for the most part, were invisible, being covered and concealed by bundles of hay tightly bound with thongs made from the leaves of the "soap-weed," a species of the "Spanish Bayonet," and all converging toward a central place where it was stacked.

The chief amusement of the Indians, participated in by both sexes, is dancing. The war dance admits only warriors with arms. The corn dance is a sort of festival. The squaw dance, in which the women join, is purely social. A game similar to that known to American youth as "shinny" is played by the men, and a game called in Yuma *tuderbe*, played by rolling a hoop, on the top of which each of the two competitors engaged throws a pole which knocks down the hoop, is a masculine game very popular. Foot-racing is another pastime much enjoyed by them. Several foot-races have lately been run, graduated prizes ranging from five to two dollars having been awarded by some of the spectators to the best three runners. The Indian has little conception of musical harmony. He often warbles, but his vocal efforts are the merest sing-song. I have never heard a squaw hush her papoose to sleep with a song. Both sexes take the supremest pleasure in gambling. The favorite game is "*monte*," played with Mexican cards. The stakes are generally money, but in its absence cartridges, blankets, ration tickets or the clothes from their backs, are risked to indulge this universal passion. This vice often occasions much suffering to women and children, who are often in this way deprived of their rations.

The Apache is a free dispenser of hospitality. The nature of his dwelling, with doors always open, probably tends to foster this trait. It is not common to find an Indian's meal shared in only by his own family. The wife, though esteemed only in the light of property, maintains her place at the repast, generally replenishing it as it progresses with fresh supplies



which she supervises the cooking of while she herself partakes. Their diet at present consists chiefly of the ration issued by the Indian Agent. This consists, for each week, for each man, woman or child of whatever age, of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. of flour,  $10\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. of fresh beef (sometimes reduced to 6 lbs.), with 4 lbs. of coffee, 7 lbs. of sugar, 2 lbs. of salt, 2 lbs. of soap, and half a pound of tobacco to each hundred rations. In addition to the above they have the surrounding mountains and valleys, rich in game, from which to draw. Fish is not eaten by them. Venison is their favorite wild meat. The turkey is not absolutely rejected as an article of diet, but his flesh is not a favorite. The feathers of this bird, however, next to those of the hawk, are valued for their uses in the decoration of the war bonnet. In the line of vegetables, they have the wild potato, indigenous to Arizona (and thought by some to be the progenitor of the Irish potato), which the children dig and gather early in the spring when no larger than peas. Its size at maturity is nearly as great as that of the cultivated Irish potato, and seems to be as rich in starch. Mescal is a favorite luxury. It is derived from the pith of a plant growing like a cabbage. The heart, with the outer leaves stripped off, is baked in the earth, and afterwards beaten into shreds with stones, and put away in masses for use. When used it is dipped in water to moisten it. It has a sweet taste and evidently contains sugar. This is a species of the same plant from which the Mexicans distill the mescal liquor. Another delicacy is the preserved fruit of the *saboya* (coming probably from the Spanish word *sabia*, juice,) pronounced *suzworra*. This is the fruit of a species of the giant cactus. It ripens in the latter part of June, when the Indians go in flocks into the mountains to gather it. Much of it is converted immediately into wine, and drank on the spot to intoxication, but large quantities are dried and kept in irregularly shaped cakes. It has a deliciously sweet taste. The wild fruits and berries that abound in this semi-tropical country form a considerable portion of the diet of the Indians in summer and autumn. The acorn of the stunted white oak, one of the commonest bushes (for it does not attain the stature of a tree), that adorns the sides of the Arizona mountains, furnishes a nut used as an edible addition to soups. It is also eaten roasted or raw. They reject as food the direct product of the hog, though in the form of bacon, as issued by the Army commissary, it is partaken of with relish.

The Indian, like the people of all races, seems to have an inherent appetite for alcohol. The alcoholic product of Indian corn, subjected to rude processes of fermentation, which is termed *tiswin*, is their almost only source of this supply. It is a comparatively weak beverage, and, to experience its full effect, those intending to partake of it generally precede the indulgence of it by a long fast, experience having taught them that it will more readily affect them through an empty stomach. The manufacture of *tiswin* is strictly forbidden by the Government authorities, and a violation of this inhibition subjects the detected offender to a long imprisonment. Nevertheless the inclination for its use is so strong that the rule is frequently broken. In a word, the manufacture and use of *tiswin* among the Indians, like the over-indulgence in alcoholic beverages by the Whites, are the most frequent sources of an Indian's troubles at this agency.

The use of tobacco is a universal habit with the male Indian from the age of ten years and upwards. Smoking is the favorite manner with them of enjoying it, though it is often chewed as well. I have not noticed that the women generally acquire the habit of using tobacco.

There is considerable variety in dress presented by the Indians at this agency. Since the reception of their annuities, the latter part of December, their appearance in this respect has improved. It is very common to see both men and women dressed entirely in the apparel of the Whites, and it is rare to meet an adult wearing nothing but blanket and breech-clout. Children, however, are constantly to be seen in the camps entirely nude, playing in a winter atmosphere, apparently comfortably unconscious of their immersion in a freezing air. If clothing could be issued to them at shorter intervals, or if they had better facilities in the way of permanent abodes for preserving what they get, these people would soon discard the Indian and adopt the white man's dress. It would perhaps take longer to induce them to leave off painting their faces, as they seem to attach prophylactic virtues to this custom. Red seems to be their favorite color in dress. Red blankets and red calico are flaunted on all sides. As a single grain in the weight of testimony that a taste for colors, like other mental or physical peculiarities, may be inherited, I may state that "Micky Free," of Irish-Mexican parentage, but captured by the Apaches when a child, and to all intents and purposes one of them ever since, selects a *green* blanket.

The habitations of these Indians are not superior to those of the lowest savages. They consist almost universally of teepees, made of boughs and saplings stuck in the ground, so as to inclose a circular space about eight feet in diameter, which has first been excavated to the depth of about a foot. The ends of the boughs are bent together at the top, so as to form a dome. The top and sides are covered with canvas, or thatched with brush or hay to shed the rain, and the loose earth thrown up in excavating the floor is thrown around the base, to make the foundation firm and protect the inmates from the wind. A single opening from one to three feet wide, permits entrance and exit. The height in the inside is sufficient to admit of a man standing upright. The floor is covered with leaves or hay, on which blankets are spread, which serve for beds at night and a lounging place in the day time. In cold weather a small fire near the door warms the interior. The top and sides of the teepee afford supports on which are hung meat and other supplies and spare clothes. No attempt is made to imitate the Whites in supplying the comforts of furniture. The ground forms at once bedstead, table and chairs.

Engaged as they already are in an attempt at agriculture, which they seem generally desirous of adopting as a means of livelihood, if an attachment could be generated in them for a certain limited locality, where their buildings, fences and implements would remain undisturbed till recurring seasons should recall them into requisition, and such other accumulations as they might acquire would be preserved, a great step in their permanent improvement would be reached. It seems to me it would be a forward movement toward civilizing these people, and even an economical one, to supply them with small but substantial dwellings whenever they declared a willingness to occupy as a permanent abode a definite parcel of ground. I am aware that some prejudices and superstitions on the part of the Indians would have to be overcome to make such a plan feasible, but I believe them to be not insurmountable.

In this locality the Indians are subject to malarial fevers, dysentery and diarrhœa. Syphilis is said to be common among the Yumas and Mohaves. Consumption is almost unknown among them, and when occurring can be traced to a syphilitic origin. Their exemption from constitutional pulmonary disease is probably due to climatic influences. It seems probable



that Arizona, when the superb winter climate of its valleys becomes extensively known, will become a popular winter resort for persons threatened with, or suffering from, pulmonary complaints, especially consumption. At present the Territory is generally decried as a summer furnace, and the story of the dead soldier at Yuma and his blanket is rife everywhere, while the truth probably is that, except in a few very low localities, the heat in Arizona in summer is no greater than on corresponding parallels in other sections of the country. This as it may, it is certain that, with a winter climate more equable, in the valleys, and as warm as that of Florida, an atmosphere so dry that no dew is precipitated, and rain infrequent except in the hottest months, leaving out of account the cheerful influences of a constant sunshine and the exhilarating effects of a pure mountain air, Arizona must soon become the favorite winter home of those laboring under chest complaints. Pneumonia, pleurisy and rheumatism are not common, diseases of the digestive tube, due to irregularities in diet, gorging and badly cooked food, in addition to those of malarial origin, are the complaints which affect the Indian here.

The office of the "Medicine man" has not yet come to an end. He seems to be given the first chance generally at the *en-dee*, or patient, and if he does not afford speedy relief, is discarded in favor of the white *za-non-ton*, or doctor. In ministering to the sick, the medicine man sits in the teepee near the patient, and chants in a loud monotonous tone, seemingly repeating the same words over for hours night and day. The Indians attribute their sickness to the power of witches, and women are killed, probably much oftener than is known, as such events are concealed from the whites if possible, under the supposition that they are witches. An instance of this kind has happened here within a few weeks. An Indian who had lost several children through sickness, impressed with the belief that their deaths were caused through the witch-craft of a certain squaw, shot her and attempted to escape, the fact becoming known to the authorities. The woman is recovering and the man is in prison. The medicine man therefore encourages the patient and his friends with such cheering intelligence as that *kan*, the good spirit, will drive away *ilkas*, the witch, sent by *Chetin*, the devil, to disturb his comfort and repose. From time to time he rests his voice, while he applies, if the disease is local, some mysterious medicament, generally in the form of powder.



Although not embraced in the order calling for this report, a subject presenting so many phases may perhaps be allowed a suggestion as supplement. Every political economist has a plan for the melioration of the condition of the Indians and the prevention of Indian outbreaks. The allotment of parcels of cultivable land to Indians in severalty has been authorized and practiced, I believe, whenever the Indians are willing to sever their tribal relations. However, so far as my limited opportunities have enabled me to observe, this plan seems to work well only when the Indians are under the direct supervision of white superintendents. If every Indian novice in agriculture could be surrounded by white farmers, he would soon become a proficient, progressive and permanent tiller of the soil, but clustered with others no better enlightened than himself, he has no one to copy from superior to himself.

A system that would surround every Indian with industrious whites engaged in every calling of civilized life, would soon transform him from a savag to a citizen, and forever end Indian outbreaks, with all their horrible concomitants. I would distribute the Indians among the several states, according to population, exempting the late slave-holding ones, already burdened with a negro population. Each State would then divide its quota of Indians among its several counties according to their population, and the counties in their turn would subdivide their shares among the townships, and these latter would distribute them among families, if necessary. No separation of nations, tribes, bands or families would be required. One or more nations might go to a State, one or more tribes to a county, one or more bands to a township, and families, unbroken, or individuals, would become allied by neighborhood to, or incorporated with, white ones. The Government, at probably no greater expense than it now incurs on their account, could make generous provision for their removal and temporary maintenance, and the proceeds of the sales of the lands now occupied by them might be devoted to the accumulation of a fund for their benefit, certain disconnected sections or portions of sections being held for the occupation of such as desired to return to their homes and own lands in severalty.

To such a scheme there may be constitutional objections, which would make it impracticable, but if not, some such system, in a single generation, would convert the Indians from murderous savages to thrifty citizens, and in a few more gen-

erations the most of them would be consolidated by intermarriage with the bulk of the white population, probably without detriment, but with improvement to the latter.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

FREDERICK LLOYD,

A. A. Surgeon, U. S. Army.

---

### RECENT DEATHS.

SECOND LIEUTENANT CHARLES V. DONALDSON, of the 24th U. S. Infantry, was drowned at McFaddon's Landing, Newport Beach, a pleasure resort nine miles from Santa Ana, California, July 15th, 1890. Lieutenant Donaldson lost his life while gallantly but vainly endeavoring to rescue a lady from drowning. On the tragic occasion a number of ladies and gentlemen were bathing in the surf, and Miss Spurgeon, one of the party, although an expert swimmer, was carried out by the current. Two bathers near her went to her assistance, but were themselves carried out toward the sea. Young Donaldson then swam out and succeeded in rescuing the two latter. He then returned to Miss Spurgeon at once, but just as he reached her they both disappeared under the water. Their bodies were soon afterwards recovered. Lieutenant Donaldson was a native of Sweden, but was appointed from Iowa to the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated in 1888. His station at the time of his death was Fort Grant, Arizona. A few days before his death he had taken out a policy in a life insurance company for three thousand dollars.

---

### NOTES.

In a private letter Capt. N. Levering, one of our steadfast and valued contributors, referring to the biography of Gen. Wm. Thompson, published in the July number, says: "When I was a boy I knew Thompson quite well. He frequently came to my father's store to sing with father, who sometimes taught music. Thompson had a peculiar way of marking time, and people used to say that he was turning a grindstone."